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THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL.

THE DREAM OF LITTLE TUK,

AND OTHER TALES.

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

TRANSLATED BY
CHARLES BONER.

WITH FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN
By COUNT POCCI, of Munich.

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GRANT AND GRIFFITH.
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TO HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

My dear Andersen,

I herewith send you what in fact is your own already—some of your charming Stories, in the language of that country where your works, and lately yourself, have met with so hearty a welcome.

The translation of "Little Tuk" was begun, you know, in your own room in London, one day while I was awaiting your return. You were surprised and pleased to find me so employed; and your words, when I asked if you would like me to do the others —"Oh, yes! Certainly! Pray do them all!"—determined me at once to complete the collection, part of which I had already sent you in 1846. They were, moreover, made doubly interesting by all you told me about them, and of the circumstances under which they were written.

You see, then, I do "remember the fairy tales," as you write to me in your last letter; and as this little Volume which contains them—independent of the authorship—is thus in many ways connected with yourself, and with your stay in England, where we were so much together, allow me to beg you will accept it in remembrance of those pleasant hours, which (I think I may say it) will not soon be forgotten by either of us. Yours, dear Andersen,

Faithfully and sincerely,

Charles Boner.

Donau Stauf, near Ratisbon,
August 6th, 1847.

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TO THE

YOUNG READERS OF THESE TALES.

My dear little Friends,

Here is another Volume of Andersen's charming Stories for you; and I am sure you will be glad to get it. For my part, I am always delighted to find one that I do not happen to have yet seen; and as I know the others pleased you—for I have heard so, both directly and indirectly, from a great many people, and not only English children, but Irish children too, and as to the children in Scotland, you will see presently how much they like them—there can be no doubt that you all will be overjoyed to have a few more of these stories told you.

And there is no one who participates in this delight more than—whom do you think? Why, than Andersen himself! He

is so happy that his Tales have been thus joyfully received, and that they have found their way to the hearts and sympathies of you all. He speaks of it with evident pleasure; and it is not vanity, but his kind affectionate nature, which inclines him to mention such little occurrences as prove how firm a hold his writings have taken on the minds of the young and gentle-natured. "So much praise might," he says, "spoil a man, and make him vain. Yet no, it does not spoil him: on the contrary, it makes him better; it purifies his thoughts, and this must give one the impulse and the will to deserve it all." He was so pleased to hear, and I, you may be sure, was equally pleased to tell him, what had been written to me by a friend a short time before—that several little boys and girls, Miss Edgeworth's nephews and nieces, were so delighted with the "TALES FROM DENMARK," that they not only read and re-read them continually, but used *to act the stories* together in their play-hours!

And a certain little dark-eyed thing of my acquaintance, "little Nelly," or "the little gipsey," as I sometimes call her, knows the whole story of "Ellie and the Pretty Swallow" by heart; and another "wee thing" that cannot yet read, but is always wanting to have stories told her, knows all about Kay and Gerda, and the flower-garden, and how Gerda went to look for her brother, inquiring of everybody she met, and how at last the good sister found him.

In Copenhagen, as Andersen himself told me, all the children know him. "And," he said, with a countenance that shewed such homage was dearer to him than the more splendid honours paid as tributes to his genius, "as I walk along the street, the little darlings nod and kiss their hands to me; and they say to one another, 'There's Andersen!' and then some more run and wave their hands. Oh yes, they all know me. But sometimes, if there be one who does not, then, perhaps, his mam-

ma will say, 'Look, that is he who wrote the story you read the other day, and that you liked so much;' and so we soon get acquainted." And *this* popularity delights him more than anything; and you surely cannot call it vanity.

In the account he has written of his life, he relates a circumstance that happened to him at Dresden; and it is so pretty that I insert it here. He writes: "An evening that for me was particularly interesting I spent with the royal family, who received me most graciously. Here reigned the same quiet that is found in private life in a happy family. A whole troop of amiable children, all belonging to Prince John, were present. The youngest of the princesses, a little girl who knew that I had written the story of 'The Fir-Tree,' began familiarly her conversation with me in these words: 'Last Christmas we also had a fir-tree, and it stood here in this very room.' Afterwards, when she was taken to bed earlier than the others,

and had wished her parents and the king and queen 'Good night,' she turned round once more at the half-closed door, and nodded to me in a friendly manner, and as though we were old acquaintance. I was her prince of the fairy tale."

But it is not the praise of the great, or the admiration of a court, on which he sets most value, as you will see by the following extract from a letter which I received from him to-day, only an hour or two ago. It is about his stay in England, and his visit to the north, after I had left him, and I am sure he will not mind my sharing thus much of what he writes to me with you. "The hearty welcome I met with in Scotland moved me greatly. My writings were so well known, I found so many friends, that I can hardly take in so much happiness. But I must relate you one instance: in Edinburgh I went with a party of friends to Heriot's Hospital, where orphan children are taken care of and educated. We were all obliged to

inscribe our names in the visitors' book. The porter read the names, and asked if that was Andersen the author; and when some one answered 'Yes,' the old man folded his hands and gazed quite in ecstacy at an old gentleman who was with us, and said, 'Yes, yes! he is just as I had always fancied him to myself—the venerable white hair—the mild expression—yes, that is Andersen!' They then explained to him that I was the person. 'That young man!' he exclaimed; 'Why generally such people, when one hears about them, are either dead or very old.' When the story was told me, I at first thought it was a joke; but the porter came up to me in a most touching manner, and told me how he and all the boys entered so entirely and heartily into my stories. It so affected me that I almost shed tears."

This is indeed popularity!

Now I dare say you thought that the little princes and princesses in a king's palace had tastes and feelings very different

from a poor charity-boy; but you see, although so different in rank, they were alike in one thing—they were both children; and childhood, if left to itself, is in all situations the same.

And do you know, too, my little friends, that you are very excellent critics? Yes, most sage and excellent critics; though I dare say not one of you even ever dreamt of such a thing. But it is, nevertheless, true; and not some, but all of you, whether in England, Scotland, or Ireland—the little boys in Heriot's Hospital, and the little princess at Dresden who knew the story of "The Fir-Tree." For without one dissentient voice you have passed favourable judgment on these stories: in your estimation of them you were unanimous.

Yet when they first appeared in Denmark some of the critics by profession found fault with them, and wondered, as they said, how an author who had written works of greater pretension, could think of making his appearance with something so

childish as these tales. And some kind friends, grown-up people, whose opinion was not unimportant, advised him by all means to give up writing such stories, as he had no talent for them; and it was only later, that, to use Andersen's own words, "every door and heart in Denmark was open to them." But all of you, not critics by profession, you welcomed them at once; directly you saw them you perceived their beauty—you cherished and gave them a place in your heart. And this is the reason why I say that you are sage and excellent critics; and if you can preserve the same simple-heartedness, finding pleasure in what is natural and truthful, and allow yourselves to be guided by the instincts of your pure uncorrupted nature, you may *always* be so.

You will like to know that Thorwaldsen, the great Thorwaldsen, loved to hear Andersen repeat these tales. It is true he has quite a peculiar way of relating them, which adds greatly to their charm. I

begged him one day to tell me the story of "The Top and Ball," and he immediately sat down on the sofa and began. Though I knew it by heart from beginning to end, so often had I read it over, yet it now seemed quite new, from his manner of telling it; and I was as amused, and laughed as much, as though I had never heard it before. That very pretty one, "Ole Luckoie," was written when in the society of Thorwaldsen; and "often at dusk," so Andersen relates, "when the family circle were sitting in the summer-house, would Thorwaldsen glide gently in, and, tapping me on the shoulder, ask, 'Are we little ones to have no story to-night?' It pleased him to hear the same story over and over again; and often, while employed on his grandest works, he would stand with a smiling countenance and listen to the tale of 'Top and Ball,' and 'The Ugly Duck.'" The last is my favourite also.

From Rome, where this occurred, you

must now take a jump with me to Hamburg; for I have to tell you an anecdote that happened there to Andersen, also about his stories, which he relates in his "Life." He had gone to see Otto Speckter, whose clever and characteristic pictures most of you will certainly know, and he intended to go afterwards to the play. Speckter accompanied him. "We passed an elegant house. 'We must first go in here, my dear friend,' said he; 'a very rich family lives there, friends of mine, friends of your tales; the children will be overjoyed—' 'But the Opera,' said I. 'Only, for two minutes,' he replied, and drew me into the house, told my name, and the circle of children collected round me. 'And now repeat a story,' he said; 'only a single one.' I did so, and hurried to the theatre. 'That was a strange visit,' I said. 'A capital one! a most excellent one!' shouted he. 'Only think! the children are full of Andersen and his fairy tales: all of a sudden he stands in the

midst of them, and relates one himself, and then he is gone — vanished. Why that very circumstance is a fairy tale for the children, and will remain vividly in their memory. It amused me too."

You will be getting impatient, I am afraid. However, before I finish I must tell you something about the Stories in this Volume. The translation of them I had begun in Andersen's room, and when he came in we began talking about them, one of which, "The Little Girl with the Matches," I had read in his absence. I told him how delighted I was with it— that I found it most exquisitely narrated; but that how such a thing came into his head, I could not conceive. He then said "That was written when I was on a visit at the Duke of Augustenburg's. I received a letter from Copenhagen from the editor of a Danish almanac for the people, in which he said he was very anxious to have something of mine for it, but that the book was already nearly printed. In the letter were

two wood-cuts, and these he wished to make use of, if only I would write something to which they might serve as illustrations. One was the picture of a little match-girl, exactly as I have described her. It was from the picture that I wrote the story—wrote it, surrounded by splendour and rejoicing, at the castle of Grauenstein, in Schleswig."

"And Little Tuk," said I.—"Oh! 'Little Tuk,'" answered he, laughing; "I will tell you all about him. When in Oldenburg I lived for some time at the house of a friend the Counsellor von E * * *. The children's names were Charles and Gustave (Augusta?), but the little boy always called himself 'Tuk.' He meant to say 'Charles,' but he could not pronounce it otherwise. Now once I promised the dear little things that I would put them in a fairy tale, and so both of them appeared, but as poor children, in the story of 'Little Tuk.' So you see, as reward for all the hospitality I received in Germany, I take the German children and make Danes of them."

You see he can make a story out of anything. "They peep over his shoulder," as he once wrote to me, a long time ago. And one time, when he was just going to set off on a journey, his friend said to him, "My little Erich possesses two leaden soldiers, and he has given one of them to me for you, that you may take it with you on your travels."

Now I should not at all wonder if this were the very "Resolute Leaden Soldier" you read of in the "TALES FROM DENMARK;" but this one, it is true, was a Turk, and I don't think the other was. And then, too, there is nothing said about this one having but one leg. However, it may be the same after all.

As to the tale called "The Naughty Boy," that, it is true, is an old story. The poet Anacreon wrote it long, long ago; but Andersen has here re-told it in so humorous a manner, that it will no doubt amuse you as much as though it had been written originally by him. He has given the whole, too,

quite another dress; and "the naughty boy" himself he has tricked out so drolly, and related such amusing tricks of him, that I think Mr. Andersen had better take care the young rogue does not play him a sly turn some day or other, for the little incorrigible rascal respects nobody.

Before I say farewell, there is one thing I must tell you; which is, there are two persons you certainly little think of, to whom you owe some thanks for the pretty tales of Andersen that have so greatly delighted you, as well as for those he may still write. You will never guess who they are, so I will tell you. They are Frederick VI., the late and Christian VIII., the present King of Denmark. The former gave Andersen a pension to relieve him from the necessity of depending on his pen for bread; so that, free from cares, he was able to pursue his own varied fancies. Though not much, it was sufficient; but the present king, who has always been most kind to your friend Andersen—for so you surely consider him—increased his pen-

sion considerably, in order that he might be able to travel, and follow in full liberty the bent of his genius.

Now, do you not like a king who thus holds out his hand to genius, who delights to honour the man who has done honour to their common country, and who is proud to interest himself in his fate as in that of a friend? And this King Christian VIII. does. Am I not right, then, in saying that you owe him your thanks?

Farewell my little friends, and believe that I am always ready and willing to serve you.

CHARLES BONER.

Donau Stauf, near Ratisbon,
September 19, 1847.

LITTLE TIK.

THE DREAM

OF

LITTLE TUK.

Yes, that was little Tuk: in reality his name was not Tuk, but that was what he called himself before he could speak plain: he meant it for Charles, and it is all well enough if one do but know it. He had now to take care of his little sister Augusta, who was much less than himself, and he was, besides, to learn his lesson at the same time; but these two things would not do together at all. There sat the poor little fellow with his sister on his lap, and

he sang to her all the songs he knew; and he glanced the while from time to time into the geography-book that lay open before him. By the next morning he was to have learnt all the towns in Zealand by heart, and to know about them all that is possible to be known.

His mother now came home, for she had been out, and took little Augusta on her arm. Tuk ran quickly to the window, and read so eagerly that he pretty nearly read his eyes out; for it got darker and darker, but his mother had no money to buy a candle.

"There goes the old washerwoman over the way," said his mother, as she looked out of the window. "The poor woman can hardly drag herself along, and she must now drag the pail home from the fountain: be a good boy, Tukey, and run across and help the old woman, won't you?"

So Tuk ran over quickly and helped her; but when he came back again into the room it was quite dark, and as to a light, there was no thought of such a thing. He was now to go to bed; that was an old turn-up bedstead: in it he lay and thought about his geography lesson, and of Zealand, and of all that his master had told him. He ought, to be sure, to have read over his lesson again, but that, you know, he could not do. He therefore put his geography-book under his pillow, because he had heard that was a very good thing to do when one wants to learn one's lesson; but one cannot, however, rely upon it entirely. Well, there he lay, and thought and thought, and all at once it was just as if some one kissed his eyes and mouth; he slept, and yet he did not sleep; it was as though the old washerwoman gazed on him with her mild eyes and said, "It

were a great sin if you were not to know your lesson to-morrow morning. You have aided me, I therefore will now help you; and the loving God will do so at all times." And all of a sudden the book under Tuk's pillow began scraping and scratching.

"Kickery-ki! kluk! kluk! kluk!"—that was an old hen who came creeping along, and she was from Kjöge. "I am a Kjöger hen,"* said she, and then she related how many inhabitants there were there, and about the battle that had taken place, and which, after all, was hardly worth talking about.

* Kjöge, a town in the bay of Kjöge. "To see the Kjöge hens," is an expression similar to "shewing a child London," which is said to be done by taking his head in both hands, and so lifting him off the ground. At the invasion of the English in 1807, an encounter of a no very glorious nature took place between the British troops and the undisciplined Danish militia.

"Kribledy, krabledy — plump!" down fell somebody: it was a wooden bird, the popinjay used at the shooting-matches at Prästöe. Now *he* said that there were just as many inhabitants as he had nails in his body; and he was very proud. "Thorwaldsen lived almost next door to me.* Plump! here I lie capitally."

But little Tuk was no longer lying down: all at once he was on horseback. On he went at full gallop, still galloping on and on. A knight with a gleaming plume, and most magnificently dressed, held him before him on the horse, and thus they rode through the wood to the old town of Bordingborg, and that was a large and very lively town. High towers rose from the

* Prästöe, a still smaller town than Kjöge. Some hundred paces from it lies the manor-house Ny Söe, where Thorwaldsen generally sojourned during his stay in Denmark, and where he called many of his immortal works into existence.

castle of the king, and the brightness of many candles streamed from all the windows; within was dance and song, and King Waldemar and the young richly-attired maids of honour danced together. The morn now came; and as soon as the sun appeared, the whole town and the king's palace crumbled together, and one tower after the other; and at last only a single one remained standing where the castle had been before,* and the town was so small and poor, and the schoolboys came along with their books under their arm, and said, "2000 inhabitants!" but that was not true, for there were not so many.

And little Tukey lay in his bed: it

* Bordingborg, in the reign of King Waldemar a considerable place, now an unimportant little town. One olitary tower only, and some remains of a wall, shew where the castle once stood.

seemed to him as if he dreamed, and yet as if he were not dreaming; however, somebody was close beside him.

"Little Tukey! little Tukey!" cried some one near. It was a seaman, quite a little personage, so little as if he were a midshipman; but a midshipman it was not.

"Many remembrances from Cörsör.* That is a town that is just rising into importance; a lively town that has steam-boats and stage-coaches: formerly people called it ugly, but that is no longer true. I lie on the sea," said Cörsör; "I have high-roads and gardens, and I have given birth to a poet who was witty and amusing, which all poets are not. I once intended

* Cörsör, on the Great Belt, called, formerly, before the introduction of steam-vessels, when travellers were often obliged to wait a long time for a favourable wind, "the most tiresome of towns." The poet Baggesen was born here.

to equip a ship that was to sail all round the earth; but I did not do it, although I could have done so: and then, too, I smell so deliciously, for close before the gate bloom the most beautiful roses."

Little Tuk looked, and all was red and green before his eyes; but as soon as the confusion of colours was somewhat over, all of a sudden there appeared a wooded slope close to the bay, and high up above stood a magnificent old church, with two high pointed towers. From out the hill-side spouted fountains in thick streams of water, so that there was a continual splashing; and close beside them sat an old king with a golden crown upon his white head: that was King Hroar, near the fountains, close to the town of Roeskilde, as it is now called. And up the slope into the old church went all the kings and queens of Denmark, hand in hand, all with their

golden crowns; and the organ played and the fountains rustled. Little Tuk saw all, heard all. "Do not forget the diet," said King Hroar.*

Again all suddenly disappeared. Yes, and whither? It seemed to him just as if one turned over a leaf in a book. And now stood there an old peasant-woman, who came from Soröe,† where grass grows in the market-place. She had an old grey linen apron hanging over her head and back: it was so wet, it certainly must have

* Roeskilde, once the capital of Denmark. The town takes its name from King Hroar, and the many fountains in the neighbourhood. In the beautiful cathedral the greater number of the kings and queens of Denmark are interred. In Roeskilde, too, the members of the Danish diet assembled.

† Soröe, a very quiet little town, beautifully situated, surrounded by woods and lakes. Holberg, Denmark's Molière, founded here an academy for the sons of the nobles. The poets Hauch and Ingemann were appointed professors here. The latter lives there still.

been raining. "Yes, that it has," said she; and she now related many pretty things out of Holberg's comedies, and about Waldemar and Absalon; but all at once she cowered together, and her head began shaking backwards and forwards, and she looked as she were going to make a spring. "Croak! croak!" said she: "it is wet, it is wet; there is such a pleasant death-like stillness in Soröe!" She was now suddenly a frog, "Croak;" and now she was an old woman. "One must dress according to the weather," said she. "It is wet, it is wet. My town is just like a bottle; one gets in by the neck, and by the neck one must get out again! In former times I had the finest fish, and now I have fresh rosy-cheeked boys at the bottom of the bottle, who learn wisdom, Hebrew, Greek, —croak!" When she spoke it sounded just like the noise of frogs, or as if one walked

with great boots over a moor; always the same tone, so uniform and so tiring that little Tuk fell into a good sound sleep, which, by the bye, could not do him any harm.

But even in this sleep there came a dream, or whatever else it was: his little sister Augusta, she with the blue eyes and the fair curling hair, was suddenly a tall beautiful girl, and without having wings, was yet able to fly; and she now flew over Zealand—over the green woods and the blue lakes.

"Do you hear the cock crow, Tukey? cock-a-doodle-doo! The cocks are flying up from Kjöge! You will have a farm-yard, so large, oh! so very large! You will suffer neither hunger nor thirst! You will get on in the world! You will be a rich and happy man! Your house will exalt itself like King Waldemar's tower, and will be richly decorated

with marble statues, like that at Prästöe. You understand what I mean. Your name shall circulate with renown all round the earth, like unto the ship that was to have sailed from Cörsör; and in Roeskilde"——

"Do not forget the diet!" said King Hroar.

"Then you will speak well and wisely, little Tukey; and when at last you sink into your grave, you shall sleep as quietly"——

"As if I lay in Soröe," said Tuk, awaking. It was bright day, and he was now quite unable to call to mind his dream; that, however, was not at all necessary, for one may not know what the future will bring.

And out of bed he jumped, and read in his book, and now all at once he knew his whole lesson. And the old washerwoman popped her head in at the door, nodded to him friendly, and said, "Thanks, many

thanks, my good child, for your help! May the good ever-loving God fulfil your loveliest dream!"

Little Tukey did not at all know what he had dreamed, but the loving God knew it.

THE SHADOW.

In the warm countries the sun burns exceedingly, and the people there grow as brown as mahogany; yes, in the very warmest countries they get turned into negroes. This time, however, it was the warm countries only whither a learned man had come from colder lands. He thought that he could run about here just as he did at home; but he pretty soon changed his opinion. He, as well as all sensible people, were obliged to stay at home: shutters and doors were closed the whole day; it looked as if the whole house were asleep, or as if all the persons were gone out. The narrow street

with the high houses, in which he lived, was, however, built so that the sun fell upon it from morn till evening: it was quite unbearable! The learned man from the cold countries was a young man, a wise man: it seemed to him as though he were in a glowing oven. This affected his health: he grew quite thin; even his shadow shrunk together and became much smaller than when at home. The sun caused even that to grow debilitated, and it only revived in the evening when the sun was set. It was quite a pleasure to witness this: as soon as a candle was brought into the room, the shadow stretched itself along the wall, even up to the very ceiling, so long did it make itself: it was obliged to stretch itself, in order to recover its strength. The learned man went out on the balcony to stretch himself; and as soon as the stars shewed themselves in the beautiful clear heaven, he felt as if he lived

anew. On the balconies in the streets—and in warm countries every window has a balcony—people now appeared; for fresh air is a thing one must breathe, even though one be accustomed to grow the colour of mahogany. It grew so lively above and below: below, in the open street, tailors and shoemakers—by which, be it known, every body is meant—took their seats; there chairs and tables were brought, candles burned, yes, more than a thousand candles; and one person talked, another sang, and the people walked about; carriages drove, mules trotted, "kling-clingeling"—they have many bells on their harness; and then too the dead were interred with chanting, the boys in the street let off devils, and the church bells rang. It was verily very lively below in the street. And in the one house exactly opposite that where the foreign learned man dwelt it was quite still; and yet somebody

lived there, for flowers stood on the balcony. They bloomed so beautifully in the heat of the sun, and that they could not do unless they were watered; and so there must be somebody to water them—there must be people there. Towards evening, too, the door was half-opened; but then it was dark, at least in the room in front: farther off, from the interior, one could hear music. The foreign learned man thought it extremely beautiful; but it is, to be sure, very possible also that he only fancied it so, for he found everything excellent in the warm countries, if only there had been no sun. The landlord of the foreigner said he did not know who had taken the house opposite; one never saw any person there; and as to the music, to him it seemed exceedingly tiresome. "It is just as if some one were sitting there practising a piece which he could not manage after all; always, always the

same piece! 'I shall manage it yet,' he no doubt thinks; but he won't master it, let him play as long as he will."

Once during the night the foreigner woke up. The wind raised the curtain before the window—he slept with the balcony door open—and it seemed to him as though a wonderful brightness proceeded from the balcony of the house opposite; all the flowers appeared like flowers of fire of the most lovely colours, and amidst the flowers stood a beautiful slender maiden; it was as though she were all radiance. It quite dazzled his eyes; but then he had but just started up, and was so suddenly woke out of his first sleep. With one spring he was out of bed; quite stealthily he crept towards the curtain; but the maiden was gone, the brilliancy was gone, the flowers shone no more, though they stood there just as beautiful as ever. The door was ajar, and from within sounded

music; but so charming, so beautiful, that one might really have been plunged in sweet thoughts the while. It was really just like magic. But who dwelt there? Where was the entrance to the house? For in front and on the side that looked into the narrow street, the ground-floor consisted of shop on shop, and through them the people could not always be running, every time they went in and out.

One evening the foreigner was sitting on his balcony. In the room directly behind him a light was burning, and so it was quite natural that his shadow should fall on the wall of the house opposite. Yes, there he sat, exactly between the flowers on the balcony, and when he moved then his shadow moved also.

"I really believe my shadow is the only living thing to be seen over the way," said the learned man. "Look, how prettily it is

sitting there among the flowers. The door is ajar; the shadow ought really to have sense enough to go in, look about, and then come back and tell me what it has seen there. Yes, you then would be of some use," said he in a joke. "Be so good as to walk in! Now, will you go?" And then he nodded to the shadow, and the shadow nodded to him again. "Well, go; but do not stay away too long!" and the foreigner rose, and the shadow on the balcony opposite rose also, and the foreigner turned round, and the shadow turned round likewise; indeed, any one who had paid attention, might have seen how the shadow went straight in through the half-opened door of the balcony on the opposite house, at the very same moment that the foreigner returned to his chamber and let down the long window-curtains.

Next morning the learned man went out

to take his coffee and to read the newspapers. "Why, what is that?" said he, as he came into the sunshine. "Why, I have no longer a shadow! Then he really did go away yesterday evening, and is not come back again! Well, that is very vexatious!"

And it made him angry, not so much because the shadow was gone, but because he knew there was a story of a shadowless man. At home there was not a single person but knew this story, and so, if the learned man came back and related his own adventure, everybody would say it was nothing but an imitation on his part; and he did not at all care to have that said of him. He therefore determined to say nothing about the matter; and a very sensible resolution it was.

In the evening he again went out on his balcony. He had placed the light behind him on the table, for he knew that a sha-

dow will always have its master as a screen; but still he could not entice him to come out. He made himself little, he made himself quite long, but there was no shadow; no shadow came. He said, "Hem! Ahem!" but that was all of no use. This was vexatious; but in warm countries all grows so quickly, that in the course of a week he observed, to his great joy, as soon as he came in the sunshine, that a new shadow was growing out of his feet. The roots, no doubt, had been left behind. In three weeks he had a very tolerable shadow, which, as he set out upon his journey back again to northern lands, grew always more and more, so that at last it was so long and so large, that he could very well have dispensed with the half of it.

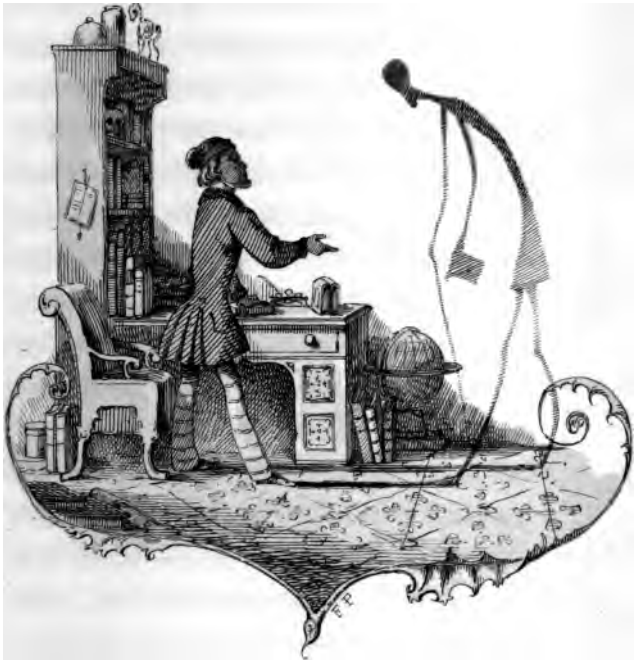
And so the learned man came home, and he wrote books about how much there is of truth in the world, and how much good

there is there, and how much of beauty; and days passed, and years passed—yes, many years passed.

He was sitting one evening in his room, when a gentle knock was heard at the door. "Come in!" said he; but no one entered. He then opened the door, and there he saw standing before him a person so extraordinarily thin, that a most strange feeling took possession of him. The man, besides, was dressed extremely well; he must surely be a person of distinction.

"With whom have I the honour to speak?" asked he.

"Ha! I thought as much," said the elegant personage; "I thought you would not know me. I have become so corporeal, that I have quite got flesh and clothes. You never thought, I dare say, to see me in such a condition. Yes, you certainly never thought that I should come back again. I



THE SHADOW.

have been exceedingly prosperous since I was with you last,—I have become rich and influential: if I choose to purchase my freedom from servitude, I am able to do so;" and he rattled a quantity of trinkets that were hanging to his watch, and played with a thick golden chain which he wore round his neck. And now all his fingers sparkled with diamond rings; and all was real, too.

"I cannot recover from my surprise," said the learned man. "What does all this mean?"

"Something usual, most assuredly *not*," said the shadow; "but you yourself don't belong to the every-day sort of people; and I have, as you well know, from my earliest years, trod in your footsteps. As soon as you found that I was ripe enough to go alone into the world, I went my own way. I am in the most brilliant circumstances; but a sort of longing came over me to see

you once again before you die: I wished to see this country once again, for, after all, one ever feels an attachment to one's country. I know you have got another shadow; pray, have I anything to pay to it or to you?"

"Dear me! is it really thou?" said the learned man. "Why, this is very remarkable! I never thought one could see one's old shadow again as a human being!"

"Only let me know what I have to pay," said the shadow; "for I should not like to be in any person's debt."

"How canst thou talk so," said the learned man; "of what debt can there be any question? Thou art as free as any one. I rejoice exceedingly at thy good fortune. Come, sit down, old friend, and tell me a little how all this happened, and what thou saw'st in the warm countries in the house that was opposite to us."

"Yes, that I will tell you," said the shadow, seating himself; "but then you must promise me that you never will tell any one here in the town, meet me when you may, that I have been your shadow. I have the intention to marry, for I can more than maintain a family."

"Do not be alarmed," said the learned man; "I will not tell any one whom in reality thou art: here is my hand, I promise it on the faith of a man."

"On the faith of a shadow," said the shadow; for so, you know, he ought to speak.

But it was quite remarkable how very human the shadow was: he was dressed all in black, and his clothes were of the very finest cloth; he wore patent leather boots, and a hat that one could squeeze together, so that there was nothing but brim and crown; not to speak of what we already

know, his bunch of seals, the golden neck-chain, and the diamond rings. Yes, the shadow was extremely well dressed, and it was just that which made so complete a man of him.

"I will now tell you," said the shadow; and then he set his foot with the patent leather boots as firmly as he possibly could on the arm of the learned man's new shadow, which lay like a poodle dog at his feet. This he did either from haughtiness, or perhaps, in order that the new shadow might remain sticking to them; and the prostrate shadow kept quite still and tranquil, that it might listen the better to what was said: it, also, wanted to know how one might manage to get free, and from a servitor become one's own master.

"Dost thou know who lived in the house opposite us?" asked the shadow. "It was the most beautiful of all things—Poesy! I

was there for three weeks, and that is of as much effect as if one lived three thousand years, and could read all that has been written and sung. For that I tell you, and it is quite true; I have seen everything, and I know everything."

"Poesy!" exclaimed the learned man; "yes, she often dwells as a recluse in large cities. Poesy! yes, I have seen her for a single, short moment; but sleep was in my eyes. She stood on the balcony, and shone as the aurora borealis shines: flowers, too, were there, like living flames! Relate! relate! Thou wert on the balcony, thou wentest through the door, and then"——

"Then I found myself in the ante-room," said the shadow. "You ever sat with your looks directed to the ante-room opposite to you. No light was there, a sort of dusk prevailed; but one door after the other stood open, leading to a whole range of halls

and chambers; and then it was bright and clear, and the flood of light would have killed me if I had gone on as far as the Virgin; but I was discreet, I took my time, and that one must always do."

"And what didst thou see?" asked the learned man.

"I saw all! and I will relate it to you; but—it really is not from any pride on my part—as a free man, and with the knowledge which I possess, without taking into consideration my position in the world, and my distinguished fortune, I really do wish that you would say 'you' to me."*

* It is as well to remark here, that in Danish, as well as in German and other continental languages, the second person singular is only made use of in addressing intimate friends, or when speaking to inferiors. The shadow being now become an important personage, does not like to hear an expression which reminds him of the station he formerly occupied: but what is still more amusing, is the offer he makes later to the "learned man," to say "thou" to him; as though the "learned man" were his servant, and he, the

"I am sure I beg pardon," said the learned man; "it is an old habit that one cannot get rid of so easily. You are perfectly right, and I will remember it. But now tell me all that you saw."

"All!" said the shadow; "for I saw all, and I know all."

"How did it look, then, in the inner apartments?" asked the learned man. "Was it there as in a cool grove—as in a holy temple? Were the chambers like the star-lit heaven, when one stands on the tops of the lofty mountains?"

"All was there," said the shadow. "I was, it is true, not quite in the interior, I remained in the outermost room in the twilight; but I had an excellent place there.

shadow, master. But, as in English we are not accustomed to make such differences in the use of the pronoun, this characteristic trait must strike less forcibly.—(Note of the Translator.)

I saw all, and I know all. I have been in the ante-chamber of the court of Poesy."

"But what did you see there? Did the gods of bygone ages pass through the great halls? did the heroes of old meet there in battle? were lovely children playing there, and did they relate their dreams?"

"I tell you that I have been there; and, therefore, you will please to comprehend that I saw all that was to be seen. If you had come thither, *you* would not have remained a human being, but *I* became one. And at the same time I became acquainted with my inmost being, with that which is innate in me, and I learnt the relationship in which I stand to Poesy. Yes, formerly, when I was with you, I never thought about it; but always—that you know—when the sun rose and set I grew to a wondrous size. In the moonlight I was almost more observable than yourself: then I comprehended

not my inmost being; in the ante-room it revealed itself to me. I became man! Mature came I out again, but you were no longer in the warm lands. I was ashamed as man to go about as I then went; I wanted boots, I wanted clothes, and all that human varnish which distinguishes man. I took my way—yes, I know I may confide it to you, you will not put it in any book—I took my way under the apron of the cook, and there I hid myself. The woman little thought how much she sheltered. In the evening I went out: I ran about the streets in the moonshine; I stretched myself at full length upon the wall, that tickled my back so agreeably; I ran to and fro, peeped through the highest windows into the drawingrooms, looked through the roof, looked where no one could look, and saw what nobody saw, what no one was to see. The world is after all a bad world. I would

not be one of you men, if it were not for the notion which people have got, that it is of some importance to be one. I saw the most incredible things among women, and men, and parents, and 'the sweet incomparable children.' I saw what not a soul knew anything about, but what they all would so gladly have known—evil doings of neighbours. If I had written a newspaper, how it would have sold! But I wrote straight to the persons themselves, and terror arose in the towns to which I came. They were so afraid of me, they had such exceeding affection for me! The professor appointed me professor, the tailor gave me new clothes,—I have a good stock; the master of the mint coined new money for me; the women said that I was handsome; and so I became the man that I now am. And now, then, farewell. Here is my card; I live on the sunny side of the bay, and you are sure

to find me at home!" And the shadow departed.

"That was really very remarkable," said the learned man.

Months and years elapsed: the shadow came again.

"How d'ye do?" asked he.

"Ah!" said the learned man, "I write about the true, the good, and the beautiful; but no one cares to hear anything of the sort: I am quite in despair, for I really take it much to heart."

"That is not what I do," said the shadow; "I grow sleek and fat, and that is what one must try for. You don't know how to manage with the world; you will make yourself ill. You must travel. I am going to make a tour next summer; will you go with me? I should rather like to have a travelling companion; will you accompany me as my shadow? It will give me much

pleasure to have you; and as to the journey, that I will pay."

"You probably go very far?" asked the learned man.

"That's according to the view one takes of the matter," said the shadow. "A journey will do you good. If you will be my shadow, all your expenses on the journey shall be paid."

"That is really too much," said the learned man.

"But so is the world," said the shadow, "and so it will remain," and he withdrew.

The learned man could not get on at all: he was harassed by cares and sorrow; and as to what he uttered about the true, the good, and the beautiful, that was caviare to the multitude.* At last he got very ill.

* In the original, "what a nutmeg is to a cow."

"You are really quite reduced to a shade!" said people to him; and the learned man shuddered, for he had certain thoughts the while.

"You must go to a bath," said the shadow, who came to pay him a visit; "there is nothing else to be done for you. For old acquaintance' sake I will take you with me: I will pay for the journey, and you must write the description of it, and so help to amuse me on the road. I shall go to a bath: my beard does not grow as I could wish; that is also an illness; and, however, I must have a beard. Come, be sensible, and accept my offer: we 'll travel like comrades together."

And they set out on their journey; the shadow was now master, and the master shadow. They drove together, they rode and walked together beside each other, before and behind each other, according as the sun

stood. The shadow never failed to take the place of honour, but this did not surprise the learned man; he had a good heart, and was exceedingly gentle and friendly. One day he said to the shadow, "As we have in such a manner become travelling companions, and have besides grown up together from childhood, let us form a brotherhood with one another. 'Thou' sounds so much more friendly."

"You have just said something," replied the shadow, who now, you know, was master; "which is very kind on your part and very openly expressed. Now I will be just as open with you. You, being a learned man, know well how wonderful nature is. There are certain persons who cannot bear the smell of brown paper; it makes them ill: others cannot endure to hear the scratching of a nail on a pane of glass; it sets their teeth on edge. I, for my part, have a

little feeling when I hear you say 'Thou' to me: I feel myself, as in my former position with you, pressed to the earth by it. You see that it is a feeling, not pride: I cannot allow you to say 'Thou' to me, but I will willingly say it to you; in this way your wish will be at least half fulfilled."

And now the shadow said "Thou" to his former master. "That is rather too much of a good thing," thought the latter, "that I must say 'You,' and he call me 'Thou!'" but he was obliged to put up with it.

They arrived at a bath, where there were many strangers, and among them was a wonderfully beautiful damsel, the daughter of a king. Her illness was that of her being a great deal too sharp-sighted, which was a most disquieting affair.

She remarked immediately that the newcomer was quite a different person from all the rest. "People say he is here to make

his beard grow; but I perceive the real cause—he cannot cast a shadow!"

Her curiosity was now excited; she therefore at once entered into conversation with the foreign gentleman in the promenade. As she was a king's daughter, she needed not to stand on much ceremony; she therefore said to him at once, "Your illness consists in not being able to cast a shadow!"

"Your royal highness must be on the road to recovery," said the shadow; "I know your disorder consists in being too sharp-sighted; but that is now at an end, your royal highness is cured: I happen to have a very extraordinary shadow. Do you not see the person who always walks beside me? Other men have an ordinary shadow, but I, for my part, do not like what is ordinary. One often gives one's servant finer cloth for livery than one wears oneself, and so I have had my shadow dressed out like a human

being; you see, indeed, that I have even given him a shadow. It costs a great deal, but I like to have something unlike what one usually sees."

"And have I," thought the princess, "have I really recovered? This bath is the best there is: in our days water has quite wonderful powers. But I shall not go away yet, for now it begins to be amusing. The foreign prince—for prince he must be—pleases me amazingly. If only his beard do not grow, for then he will take his departure."

The same evening the king's daughter and the shadow danced together in the great ball-room. She was very light; he, however, was still lighter — such a dancer she had never yet seen. She told him from what country she was, and he knew the country: he had been there, but she was not at home at the time. He had looked through the windows of the palace, those below as well

as those above; he had learned this and that circumstance, and hence he was able to answer the king's daughter, and to make allusions at which she was greatly astonished. He must certainly be the cleverest man in the whole world. She felt such respect for all he knew, and when she danced with him again she fell in love with him, for she had nearly seen through him with her eyes. She danced with him again, and she was on the point of telling him: but she was prudent; she thought on her country and her kingdom, and on the many beings over whom she was to rule. "He is a sage man," said she to herself, "and that is good; he dances, too, most exquisitely,—that is also good; but has he besides well-grounded knowledge? That is quite as important: he must be examined." And so she immediately put so difficult a question to him, that she could not have answered it herself; and the shadow made a most queer face.

"You are unable to answer it," said the king's daughter.

"I learned that already in my childhood." said the shadow; "I think my shadow even, that is standing yonder in the doorway, would be able to reply."

"Your shadow!" said the king's daughter, "that were indeed remarkable."

"I do not tell you for certain that he can," said the shadow, "but I am inclined to think so. He has followed me now for so many years, and has heard so much from me, I am inclined to think so; but your royal highness will allow me to call your attention to the circumstance, that he is so proud of passing for a man, that to put him in a good humour—and that he must be, in order to answer rightly—it is absolutely necessary to treat him like a human being."

"How very droll!" said the king's daughter.

"And then they went to the learned man, who was standing near the door, and they spoke to him of the sun and the moon, of the green woods, and about men far off and near: and the learned man answered so wisely and in so kind a manner.

"What a man that must be who has so wise a shadow!" thought she. "It would be a real blessing for my people and my kingdom, if I were to make choice of him: I will do it."

And they were soon agreed, the king's daughter and the shadow; but no one was to know anything about it until they had returned to her kingdom.

"No one, not even my shadow," said he; and he had particular reasons for this.

They came to the land where the king's daughter ruled when she was at home.

"Hark ye, friend," said the shadow to the learned man, "I am now as happy and

powerful as anybody can possibly be; I will now do something particular for thee. Thou shalt live with me in the palace, drive with me in a royal carriage, and have a hundred thousand dollars a year; but by each and every one thou must allow thyself to be called a shadow, and thou dar'st never say that thou wast ever a human being. And then, once a year, when I sit in the sunshine on the balcony and shew myself, thou must lie at my feet as is meet for a shadow to do; for I will just tell thee I am going to marry the king's daughter, and this evening will be the wedding."

"No, that is too much to bear," said the learned man. "I will not, I will not do it! That were to deceive the whole land and the king's daughter too! I will tell all; that I am a man and you a shadow, only that you have man's clothes on!"

"No one would believe it," said the

shadow. "Be prudent, or I will send for the guard!"

"I will go straight to the king's daughter," said the learned man.

"But I will go first," said the shadow; "and thou goest into prison!" And so it happened; for the sentries obeyed him whom they knew was to marry the king's daughter.

"You tremble!" said the king's daughter, as the shadow entered; "has anything happened? You must not be ill to-day; now when we are about to celebrate our marriage."

"I have experienced the most frightful circumstance that it is possible to experience. Think only—ah! such a poor shadowy brain cannot sustain much—think only, my shadow is gone mad, and fancies it is become man, and that I—imagine only—that *I* am his shadow!"

"Why that is dreadful!" said the princess; "but is he in confinement?"

"Of course: I am afraid he will never recover!"

"Poor shadow!" said the princess. "It is very unfortunate; it would be a real kindness to relieve him from the little remnant of his life; and when I reflect, how, in our day, the people are only too willing to take part with the lower ranks against the upper, it appears to me necessary to put him out of the way with all possible privacy."

"That is certainly hard, for he was a faithful servant," said the shadow, and did as if he sighed.

"You are such a noble character, said the king's daughter, and bowed herself before him.

In the evening the whole town was illumined, and cannons were fired off—"Boom! Boom!" and the soldiers presented arms—

"Dye!" That was a wedding! The king's daughter and the shadow stepped out upon the balcony to shew themselves to the people, and to receive one more huzzah!

The learned man heard nothing of this magnificence, for—he was already executed.

THE NAUGHTY BOY.

THERE lived once upon a time an old poet, a thoroughly kind old poet. As he was sitting one evening in his room, a dreadful storm arose without, and the rain streamed down from heaven; but the old poet sat warm and comfortable in his chimney-corner, where the fire blazed and the roasting apple hissed.

"Those who have not a roof over their heads will be wetted to the skin," said the good old poet.

"Oh let me in! let me in! I am cold, and I 'm so wet!" exclaimed suddenly a child, that stood crying at the door and knocking

for admittance, while the rain poured down and the wind made all the windows rattle.

"Poor thing!" said the old poet, as he went to open the door. There stood a little boy, quite naked, and the water ran down from his long golden hair; he trembled with cold, and had he not come into a warm room he would most certainly have perished in the frightful tempest.

"Poor child!" said the old poet, as he took the boy by the hand. "Come in, come in, and I will soon restore thee! Thou shalt have wine and roasted apples, for thou art verily a charming child!" And the boy was so really. His eyes were like two bright stars; and although the water trickled down his hair, it waved in beautiful curls. He looked exactly like a little angel, but he was so pale, and his whole body trembled with cold. He had a nice little bow in his hand, but it was quite spoiled by the rain,

and the tints of his many-coloured arrows ran one into the other.

The old poet seated himself beside his hearth, and took the little fellow on his lap; he squeezed the water out of his dripping hair, warmed his hands between his own, and boiled for him some sweet wine. Then the boy recovered, his cheeks again grew rosy, he jumped down from the lap where he was sitting, and danced round the kind old poet.

"You are a merry fellow," said the old man; "what 's your name?"

"My name is Cupid," answered the boy. "Don't you know me? There lies my bow; it shoots well, I can assure you! Look, the weather is now clearing up, and the moon is shining clear again through the window."

"Why, your bow is quite spoiled," said the old poet.

"That were sad indeed," said the boy,

and he took the bow in his hand and examined it on every side. "Oh, it is dry again, and is not hurt at all; the string is quite tight. I will try it directly." And he bent his bow, took aim, and shot an arrow at the old poet, right into his heart. "You see now that my bow was not spoiled," said he, laughing; and away he ran.

The naughty boy! to shoot the old poet in that way; he who had taken him into his warm room, who had treated him so kindly, and who had given him warm wine and the very best apples!

The poor poet lay on the earth and wept, for the arrow had really flown into his heart.

"Fie!" said he, "how naughty a boy Cupid is! I will tell all children about him, that they may take care and not play with him, for he will only cause them sorrow and many a heart-ache."

And all good children to whom he related

this story, took great heed of this naughty Cupid; but he made fools of them still, for he is astonishingly cunning. When the university students come from the lectures, he runs beside them in a black coat, and with a book under his arm. It is quite impossible for them to know him, and they walk along with him arm in arm, as if he, too, were a student like themselves; and then, unperceived, he thrusts an arrow to their bosom. When the young maidens come from being examined by the clergyman, or go to church to be confirmed, there he is again close behind them. Yes, he is for ever following people. At the play he sits in the great chandelier and burns in bright flames, so that people think it is really a flame, but they soon discover it is something else. He roves about in the garden of the palace and upon the ramparts: yes, once he even shot your father and

mother right in the heart. Ask them only, and you will hear what they 'll tell you. Oh, he is a naughty boy, that Cupid: you must never have anything to do with him. He is for ever running after everybody. Only think, he shot an arrow once at your old grandmother! But that is a long time ago, and it is all past now; however, a thing of that sort she never forgets. Fie, naughty Cupid! But now you know him, and you know too how ill-behaved he is!

THE TWO NEIGHBOURING FAMILIES.

One really might have thought something of importance was going on in the duck-pond, but there was nothing going on. All the ducks that were resting tranquilly on the water, or were standing in it on their heads—for that they were able to do—swam suddenly to the shore: you could see in the wet ground the traces of their feet, and hear their quacking far and near. The water, which but just now was smooth and bright as a mirror, was quite put into commotion. Before, one saw every tree reflected in it, every bush that was near: the old farm-house, with the holes in the roof

and with the swallow's nest under the eaves; but principally, however, the great rose-bush, sown, as it were, with flowers. It covered the wall, and hung forwards over the water, in which one beheld the whole as in a picture, except that everything was upside down; but when the water was agitated, all swam away and the picture was gone. Two duck's feathers, which the fluttering ducks had lost, were rocking to and fro: suddenly they flew forwards as if the wind were coming, but it did not come; they were, therefore, obliged to remain where they were, and the water grew quiet and smooth again, and again the roses reflected themselves—they were so beautiful, but that they did not know, for nobody had told them. The sun shone in between the tender leaves—all breathed the most beautiful fragrance; and to them it was as with us, when right joyfully we are filled with the thought of our happiness.

"How beautiful is existence!" said each rose. "There is but one thing I should wish for,—to kiss the sun, because it is so bright and warm.* The roses yonder, too, below in the water, the exact image of ourselves — them also I should like to kiss, and the nice little birds below in their nest. There are some above, too; they stretch out their heads and chirrup quite loud: they have no feathers at all, as their fathers and mothers have. They are good neighbours, those below as well as those above. How beautiful existence is!"

The young birds above and below—those below of course the reflection only in the

* In Danish the sun is of the feminine gender, and not, as with us, when personified, spoken of as "he." We beg to make this observation, lest the roses' wish "to kiss the sun" be thought unmaidenly. We are anxious, also, to remove a stumbling-block, which might perchance trip up exquisitely-refined modern notions, sadly shocked, no doubt, as they would be, at such an apparent breach of modesty and decorum.—(Note of the Translator.)

water—were sparrows: their parents were likewise sparrows; and they had taken possession of the empty swallow's nest of the preceding year, and now dwelt therein as if it had been their own property.

"Are those little duck children that are swimming there?" asked the young sparrows, when they discovered the duck's feathers on the water.

"If you *will* ask questions, do let them be a little rational at least," said the mother. "Don't you see that they are feathers, living stuff for clothing such as I wear, and such as you will wear also? But ours is finer. I should, however, be glad if we had it up here in our nest, for it keeps one warm. I am curious to know at what the ducks were so frightened; at us, surely not; 'tis true I said 'chirp' to you rather loud. In reality, the thick-headed roses ought to know, but they know nothing; they only gaze on them-

selves and smell: for my part, I am heartily tired of these neighbours."

"Listen to the charming little birds above," said the roses, "they begin to want to sing too, but they cannot as yet. However, they will do so by and bye: what pleasure that must afford! It is so pleasant to have such merry neighbours!"

Suddenly two horses came galloping along to be watered. A peasant boy rode on one, and he had taken off all his clothes except his large broad black hat. The youth whistled like a bird, and rode into the pond where it was deepest; and as he passed by the rose-bush he gathered a rose and stuck it in his hat; and now he fancied himself very fine, and rode on. The other roses looked after their sister, and asked each other, "Whither is she going?" but that no one knew.

"I should like to go out into the world,"

thought one; "yet here at home amid our foliage it is also beautiful. By day the sun shines so warm, and in the night the sky shines still more beautifully; we can see that through all the little holes that are in it." By this they meant the stars, but they did not know any better.

"We enliven the place," said the mamma sparrow; "and the swallow's nest brings luck, so people say, and therefore people are pleased to have us. But our neighbours! Such a rose-bush against the wall produces damp; it will doubtless be cleared away, and then, perhaps, some corn at least may grow there. The roses are good for nothing except to look at and to smell, and, at most, to put into one's hat. Every year—that I know from my mother — they fall away; the peasant's wife collects them together and strews salt among them; they then receive a French name which I neither can nor care to

pronounce, and are put upon the fire, when they are to give a pleasant odour. Look ye, such is their life; they are only here to please the eye and nose! And so now you know the whole matter."

As the evening came on, and the gnats played in the warm air and in the red clouds, the nightingale came and sang to the roses; sang that the beautiful is as the sunshine in this world, and that the beautiful lives for ever. But the roses thought that the nightingale sang his own praise, which one might very well have fancied; for that the song related to them, of that they never thought: they rejoiced in it, however, and meditated if perhaps all the little sparrows could become nightingales too.

"I understood *the song of that bird quite well*," said the young sparrows; "one word only was not quite clear to me. What was the meaning of 'the beautiful?'"

"That is nothing," said the mamma sparrow; "that is only something external. Yonder at the mansion, where the pigeons have a house of their own, and where every day peas and corn is strewn before them—I have myself eaten there with them, and you shall, too, in time; tell me what company you keep, and I 'll tell you who you are—yes, yonder at the mansion they have got two birds with green necks and a comb on their head; they can spread out their tail like a great wheel, and in it plays every colour, that it quite hurts one's eyes to look at it. These birds are called peacocks, and that is 'THE BEAUTIFUL.' They only want to be plucked a little, and then they would not look at all different from the rest of us. I would already have plucked them, if they had not been quite so big."

"I will pluck them," chirped the smallest sparrow, that as yet had not a single feather.

In the peasant's cottage dwelt a young married couple; they loved each other dearly, and were industrious and active: everything in their house looked so neat and pretty. On Sunday morning early the young woman came out, gathered a handful of the most beautiful roses, and put them into a glass of water, which she placed on the shelf.

"Now I see that it is Sunday," said the man, and kissed his little wife. They sat down, read in the hymn-book, and held each other by the hand: the sun beamed on the fresh roses and on the young married couple.

"This is really too tiring a sight," said the mamma sparrow, who from her nest could look into the room, and away she flew.

The next Sunday it was the same, for every Sunday fresh roses were put in the glass; yet the rose-tree bloomed on equally

beautiful. The young sparrows had now feathers, and wanted much to fly with their mother; she, however, would not allow it, so they were forced to remain. Off she flew; but, however, it happened, before she was aware, she got entangled in a springe of horse-hair, which some boys had set upon a bough. The horse-hair drew itself tightly round her leg, so tightly as though it would cut it in two. That was an agony, a fright! The boys ran to the spot and caught hold of the bird, and that too in no very gentle manner.

"It's only a sparrow," said they; but they, nevertheless, did not let her fly, but took her home with them, and every time she cried they gave her a tap on the beak.

There stood in the farm-yard an old man, who knew how to make shaving-soap and soap for washing, in square cakes as well as *in rou*nd balls. He was a merry, wandering

old man. When he saw the sparrow that the boys had caught, and which, as they said, they did not care about at all, he asked, "Shall we make something very fine of him?" Mamma sparrow felt an icy coldness creep over her. Out of the box, in which were the most beautiful colours, the old man took a quantity of gold leaf, and the boys were obliged to go and fetch the white of an egg, with which the sparrow was painted all over; on this the gold was stuck, and mamma sparrow was now entirely gilded: but she did not think of adornment, for she trembled in every limb. And the soap-dealer tore a bit off the lining of his old jacket, cut scollops in it so that it might look like a cock's comb, and stuck it on the head of the bird.

"Now, then, you shall see master gold-coat fly," said the old man, and let the sparrow go, who, in deadly fright, flew off,

illumined by the beaming sun. How he shone! All the sparrows, even a crow, although an old fellow, were much frightened at the sight; they, however, flew on after him, in order to learn what foreign bird it was.

Impelled by anguish and terror, he flew homewards: he was near falling exhausted to the earth. The crowd of pursuing birds increased; yes, some indeed even tried to peck at him.

"Look! there's a fellow! Look! there's a fellow!" screamed they all.

"Look! there's a fellow! Look! there's a fellow!" cried the young sparrows, as the old one approached the nest. "That, for certain, is a young peacock; all sorts of colours are playing in his feathers: it quite hurts one's eyes to look at him, just as our mother told us. Chirp! chirp! That is the beautiful!" And now they began

pecking at the bird with their little beaks, so that it was quite impossible for the sparrow to get into the nest: he was so sadly used that he could not even say "Chirrup," still less, "Why, I am your own mother!" The other birds, too, now set upon the sparrow, and plucked out feather after feather; so that at last he fell bleeding in the rose-bush below.

"Oh! poor thing!" said all the roses, "be quieted; we will hide you. Lean your little head on us."

The sparrow spread out his wings once more, then folded them close to his body, and lay dead in the midst of the family who were his neighbours, — the beautiful fresh roses.

"Chirp! chirp!" sounded from the nest. "Where can our mother be? It is quite inconceivable! It cannot surely be a trick of hers by which she means to tell us that

we are now to provide for ourselves? She has left us the house as an inheritance; but to which of us is it exclusively to belong, when we ourselves have families?"

"Yes, that will never do that you stay here with me when my household is increased by the addition of a wife and children," said the smallest.

"I shall have, I should think, more wives and children than you," said the second.

"But I am the eldest," said the third. They all now grew passionate; they beat each other with their wings, pecked with their beaks, when, plump! one after the other was tumbled out of the nest. There they lay with their rage; they turned their heads on one side, and winked their eyes as they looked upward: that was their way of playing the simpleton. They could fly a little, and by practice they learned to do so still better; and they finally were una-

nimous as to a sign by which, when at some future time they should meet again in the world, they might recognise each other. It was to consist in a "Chirrup!" and in a thrice-repeated scratching on the ground with the left leg.

The young sparrow that had been left behind in the nest spread himself out to his full size. He was now, you know, a householder; but his grandeur did not last long: in the night red fire broke through the windows, the flames seized on the roof, the dry thatch blazed up high, the whole house was burnt, and the young sparrow with it; but the young married couple escaped, fortunately, with life. When the sun rose again, and everything looked so refreshed and invigorated, as after a peaceful sleep, there was nothing left of the cottage except some charred black beams leaning against the chimney, which now

was its own master. A great deal of smoke still rose from the ground, but without, quite uninjured, stood the rose-bush, fresh and blooming, and mirrored every flower, every branch in the clear water.

"Oh! how beautifully the roses are blooming in front of the burnt-down house!" cried a passer-by. "It is impossible to fancy a more lovely picture. I must have that!"

And the man took a little book with white leaves out of his pocket: he was a painter, and with a pencil he drew the smoking house, the charred beams, and the toppling chimney, which now hung over more and more. But the large and blooming rose-tree, quite in the foreground, afforded a magnificent sight; it was on its account alone that the whole picture had been made.

Later in the day two of the sparrows'

THE NEIGHBOURING FAMILIES.

who had been born here passed by. "Where is the house?" asked they. "Where the nest? Chirp! chirp! All is burnt down, and our strong brother,—that is what he has got for keeping the nest. The roses have escaped well; there they are yet standing with their red cheeks. They, forsooth, do not mourn at the misfortune of their neighbours. I have no wish whatever to address them; and, besides, it is very ugly here, that's my opinion." And off and away they flew.

On a beautiful, bright, sunny autumn day—one might almost have thought it was still the middle of summer—the pigeons were strutting about the dry and nicely-swept court-yard in front of the great steps—black and white and party-coloured—and they shone in the sunshine. The old mamma pigeon said to the young ones: "Form yourselves in groups, form

yourselves in groups, for that makes a much better appearance."

"What little brown creatures are those running about amongst us?" asked an old pigeon, whose eyes were green and yellow. "Poor little brownies! poor little brownies!"

"They are sparrows: we have always had the reputation of being kind and gentle; we will, therefore, allow them to pick up the grain with us. They never mix in the conversation, and they scrape a leg so prettily."

Yes, they scratched three times with their leg, and with the left leg too, and said also "Chirrup!" It is by this they recognised each other; for they were three sparrows out of the nest of the house that had been burnt down.

"Very good eating here," said one of the sparrows. The pigeons strutted round each

other, drew themselves up, and had inwardly their own views and opinions.

"Do you see the cropper pigeon?" said one of the others. "Do you see how she swallows the peas? She takes too many, and the very best into the bargain!"—"Coo! coo!"—"How she puts up her top-knot, the ugly, mischievous creature!"—"Coo! coo! coo!"

And every eye sparkled with malice. "Form yourselves in groups! form yourselves in groups! Little brown creatures! Poor little brownies! Coo! coo!" So it went on unceasingly, and so will they go on chattering in a thousand years to come.

The sparrows ate right bravely. They listened attentively to what was said, and even placed themselves in a row, side by side, with the others. It was not at all becoming to them, however. They were now satisfied, and they therefore quitted the pigeons, and

exchanged opinions about them; nestled along under the garden palisades, and, as they found the door of the room open that led upon the lawn, one of them, who was filled to satiety, and was therefore over-bold, hopped upon the threshold. "Chirrup!" said he, "I dare to venture!"

"Chirrup!" said another, "I dare, too, and more besides!" and he hopped into the chamber. No one was present: the third saw this, and flew still further into the room, calling out, "Either all or nothing! However, 'tis a curious human nest that we have here; and what have they put up there? What is that?"

Close in front of the sparrows bloomed the roses; they mirrored themselves in the water, and the charred rafters leaned against the over-hanging chimney. But what can that be? how comes this in the room of the mansion? And all three sparrows were about to

fly away over the roses and the chimney, but they flew against a flat wall. It was all a picture, a large, beautiful picture, which the painter had executed after the little sketch.

"Chirrup!" said the sparrows, "it is nothing! It only looks like something. Chirrup! That is the beautiful! Can you comprehend it? I cannot!" And away they flew, for people came into the room.

Days and months passed, the pigeons had often cooed, the sparrows had suffered cold in winter, and in summer lived right jollily; they were all betrothed and married, or whatever you choose to call it. They had young ones, and each naturally considered his the handsomest and the cleverest: one flew here, another there; and if they met they recognised each other by the "Chirrup!" and by the thrice-repeated scratching with the left leg. The eldest sparrow had remained an

old maid, who had no nest and no family: her favourite notion was to see a large town, so away she flew to Copenhagen.

There one beheld a large house, painted with many bright colours, quite close to the canal, in which lay many barges laden with earthen pots and apples. The windows were broader below than above, and when the sparrow pressed through, every room appeared like a tulip, with the most varied colours and shades, but in the middle of the tulip white men were standing: they were of marble, some, too, were of plaister; but when viewed with a sparrow's eyes, they are the same. Up above on the roof stood a metal chariot, with metal horses harnessed to it; and the goddess of victory, also of metal, held the reins. It was THORWALDSEN'S MUSEUM.

"How it shines! How it shines!" said the old maiden sparrow. "That, doubtless, *is* the beautiful. Chirrup! But here it is

larger than a peacock!" She remembered still what her mother, when she was a child, had looked upon as the grandest among all beautiful things. The sparrow flew down into the court: all was so magnificent! Palms and foliage were painted on the walls. In the middle of the court stood a large, blooming rose-tree; it spread out its fresh branches, with its many roses, over a grave. Thither flew the old maiden sparrow, for she saw there many of her sort. "Chirrup!" and three scrapes with the left leg. Thus had she often saluted, from one year's end to the other, and nobody had answered the greeting—for those who are once separated do not meet again every day—till at last the salutation had grown into a habit. But to-day, however, two old sparrows and one young one answered with a "Chirrup!" and with a thrice-repeated scrape of the left leg.

"Ah, good day, good day!" It was two

old birds from the nest, and a little one besides, of the family. "That we should meet here! It is a very grand sort of place, but there is nothing to eat here: that is the beautiful! Chirrup!"

And many persons advanced from the side apartments, where the magnificent marble figures stood, and approached the grave that hid the great master who had formed the marble figures. All stood with glorified countenances around Thorwaldsen's grave, and some picked up the shed rose-leaves and carefully guarded them. They had come from far—one from mighty England, others from Germany and France: the most lovely lady gathered one of the roses and hid it in her bosom. Then the sparrows thought that the roses governed here, and that the whole house had been built on account of them. Now, this seemed to them, at all events, too much; however, as it was for the roses that

the persons shewed all their love, they would remain no longer. "Chirrup!" said they, and swept the floor with their tails, and winked with one eye at the roses. They had not looked at them long before they convinced themselves that they were their old neighbours. And they really were so. The painter who had drawn the rose-bush beside the burned-down house, had afterwards obtained permission to dig it up, and had given it to the architect—for more beautiful roses had never been seen—and the architect had planted it on Thorwaldsen's grave, where it bloomed as a symbol of the beautiful, and gave up its red fragrant leaves to be carried to distant lands as a remembrance.

"Have you got an appointment here in town?" asked the sparrows.

And the roses nodded: they recognised their brown neighbours, and rejoiced to see them again. "How delightful it is to live

and to bloom, to see old friends again, and every day to look on happy faces! It is as if every day were a holy-day."

"Chirrup!" said the sparrows. "Yes, it is in truth our old neighbours; their origin —from the pond—is still quite clear in our memory! Chirrup! How they have risen in the world! Yes, Fortune favours some while they sleep! Ah! there is a withered leaf that I see quite plainly." And they pecked at it so long till the leaf fell off; and the tree stood there greener and more fresh, the roses gave forth their fragrance in the sunshine over Thorwaldsen's grave, with whose immortal name they were united.

THE DARNING-NEEDLE.

THERE was once upon a time a darning-needle, that imagined itself so fine, that at last it fancied it was a sewing-needle.

"Now, pay attention, and hold me firmly!" said the darning-needle to the fingers that were taking it out. "Do not let me fall! If I fall on the ground, I shall certainly never be found again, so fine am I."

"Pretty well as to that," answered the fingers; and so saying, they took hold of it by the body.

"Look, I come with a train!" said the

darning-needle, drawing a long thread after it, but there was no knot to the thread.

The fingers directed the needle against an old pair of shoes belonging to the cook. The upper-leather was torn, and it was now to be sewed together.

"That is vulgar work," said the needle; "I can never get through it. I shall break! I shall break!" And it really did break. "Did I not say so?" said the needle; "I am too delicate."

"Now it's good for nothing," said the fingers, but they were obliged to hold it still; the cook dropped sealing-wax upon it, and pinned her neckerchief together with it.

"Well, now I am a breast-pin," said the darning-needle. "I was sure I should be raised to honour: if one is something, one is sure to get on!" and at the same time it laughed inwardly; for one can never

see when a darning-needle laughs. So there it sat now as proudly as in a state-carriage, and looked around on every side.

"May I take the liberty to inquire if you are of gold?" asked the needle of a pin that was its neighbour. "You have a splendid exterior, and a head of your own, but it is small, however. You must do what you can to grow, for it is not every one that is bedropped with sealing-wax!" And then the darning-needle drew itself up so high that it fell out of the kerchief, and tumbled right into the sink, which the cook was at that moment rinsing out.

"Now we are going on our travels," said the needle. "If only I do not get lost!" But it really did get lost.

"I am too delicate for this world!" said the needle, as it lay in the sink, "but I know who I am, and that is always a consolation;" and the darning-needle main-

tained its proud demeanour, and lost none of its good-humour.

And all sorts of things swam over it—shavings, straws, and scraps of old newspapers.

"Only look how they sail by," said the needle. "They do not know what is hidden below them! I stick fast here: here I sit. Look! there goes a shaving; it thinks of nothing in the world but of itself—but of a shaving! There drifts a straw; and how it tacks about, how it turns round! Think of something else beside yourself, or else perhaps you 'll run against a stone! There swims a bit of a newspaper. What 's written there is long ago forgotten, and yet out it spreads itself, as if it were mighty important! I sit here patient and still: I know who I am, and that I shall remain after all!"

One day there lay something close beside

the needle. It glittered so splendidly, that the needle thought it must be a diamond; but it was only a bit of a broken bottle, and because it glittered the darning-needle addressed it, and introduced itself to the other as a breast-pin.

"You are, no doubt, a diamond?"

"Yes, something of the sort." And so each thought the other something very precious, and they talked together of the world, and of how haughty it is.

"I was with a certain miss, in a little box," said the darning-needle, "and this miss was cook; and on each hand she had five fingers. In my whole life I have never seen anything so conceited as these fingers! And yet they were only there to take me out of the box and to put me back into it again!"

"Were they, then, of noble birth?" asked the broken bottle.

"Noble!" said the darning-needle; "no,

but high-minded! There were five brothers, all descendants of the 'Finger' family. They always kept together, although they were of different lengths. The outermost one, little Thumb, was short and stout; he went at the side, a little in front of the ranks: he had, too, but one joint in his back, so that he could only make one bow; but he said, if a man were to cut him off, such an one were no longer fit for military service. Sweet-tooth, the second finger, pryed into what was sweet, as well as into what was sour, pointed to the sun and moon, and he it was that gave stress when they wrote. Longman, the third brother, looked at the others contemptuously over his shoulder. Goldrim, the fourth, wore a golden girdle round his body; and the little Peter Playallday did nothing at all, of which he was very proud. 'Twas boasting, and boasting, and nothing but boasting, and so away I went."

"And now we sit here and glitter," said the broken glass bottle.

At the same moment more water came along the gutter; it streamed over the sides and carried the bit of bottle away with it.

"Well, that 's an advancement," said the darning-needle. "I remain where I am: I am too fine; but that is just my pride, and as such is to be respected." And there it sat so proudly, and had many grand thoughts.

"I should almost think that I was born of a sunbeam, so fine am I! It seems to me, too, as if the sunbeams were always seeking me beneath the surface of the water. Ah! I am so fine, that my mother is unable to find me! Had I my old eye that broke, I verily think I could weep; but I would not—weep! no, it 's not genteel to weep!"

One day two boys came rummaging about in the sink, where they found old nails, farthings, and such sort of things. It was dirty work; however, they took pleasure in it.

"Oh!" cried one who had pricked himself with the needle, "there 's a fellow for you."

"I am no fellow, I am a lady!" said the darning-needle; but no one heard it. The sealing-wax had worn off, and it had become quite black; but black makes one look more slender, and the needle fancied it looked more delicate than ever.

"Here comes an egg-shell sailing along!" said the boys; and then they stuck the needle upright in the egg-shell.

"The walls white, and myself black," said the needle. "That is becoming! People can see me now! If only I do not get sea-sick, for then I shall snap."

But it was not sea-sick, and did not snap.

"It is good for sea-sickness to have a

stomach of steel, and not to forget that one is something more than a human being! Now my sea-sickness is over. The finer one is, the more one can endure!"

"Crack!" said the egg-shell: a wheel went over it.

"Good heavens! how heavy that presses!" said the needle. "Now I shall be sea-sick! I snap!" But it did not snap, although a wheel went over it. It lay there at full length, and there it may lie still.

THE OLD STREET LAMP.

Did you ever hear the story of the old street lamp? 'Tis true, it is not so very wonderfully amusing; however, one may very well listen to it once at any rate.

The lamp in question was a right honest old lamp, that had seen many and many a year, and was now to retire from service. For the last time it stuck up atop of the lamp-post and illumined the street: its feelings were like those of some old supernumerary in the ballet, who dances for the last time, and the day after sits quite forgotten in her garret. The lamp was in a terrible state of anxiety about the morrow, for it knew

that it would appear for the first time before the burgomaster and town-council in order to be examined, and that they might see whether it was still fit for service or not.

There and then would be decided whether in future its light was to illumine the inhabitants of one of the suburbs, or to shine in some factory, out in the country: perhaps its path might lead straight to some iron-foundry, and into the smelting furnace. In this case, it is true, there was no knowing what it might not become; but the thought, whether it would be able to retain a recollection that it had once been a street lamp, troubled it exceedingly. Happen as it might, so much was certain, that it would be separated from the watchman and his wife, who looked upon the lamp as a part of their family. When the lamp was put up for the first time the watchman was a young and active man, and it happened that just at the

very same hour he entered upon the duties of his office—heigho! that was indeed a long time ago, since the one became a lamp and the other a watchman. His wife was at that time a little proud, and it was only when she passed by of an evening that she honoured the lamp with a look, by day never; but now of late years, when all three, the watchman, his wife, and the lamp, were grown old, the woman had also tended it, had cleaned it, and supplied it with oil. The old married couple were downright honest.

It was the last evening to be passed in the street, and to-morrow it must go to the town-hall: these were two dismal thoughts, so it was no wonder if the lamp did not burn brightly. But many other thoughts occupied it. To how many had it given light—how much had it seen! as much, perhaps, as the burgomaster and the town-council; however, it did not give vent to its

thoughts, for it was a good loyal old lamp, that would not offend any body, least of all the authorities. Full many a thing occurred to it, and occasionally the flame brightened: at such moments it had a feeling that it would not be entirely forgotten. "At that time, there was the handsome young man—'tis true it 's a long time ago now—he had a note on rose-coloured paper with gold edge, the writing was as fine as though it were a lady's hand. Twice did he read it and kiss it, and looked up to me with eyes that said quite plainly, 'I am the happiest of men!' Only he and I knew what was written in this the first letter of his beloved. Ah! I remember too another pair of eyes. How wonderfully thought can overleap time and space! There was a funeral in the street: the beautiful young wife reposed on the most sumptuous hearse, in a coffin bestrewed with flowers and garlands: the numerous

torches quite dimmed my light. In front of the houses stood crowds of people—they all followed the procession ; but when the torches were all out of sight, and I looked around, there stood a single person leaning against my post, who wept. Never shall I forget those desponding eyes that looked up to me!" These and similar thoughts occupied the old street lamp, that shone to-day for the last time.

The sentry who is relieved from guard knows at least who is to take his place, and can whisper a few words to him : but the lamp did not know its successor, to whom, however, it might have given some useful hints with regard to rain and fog, have told how far upon the pavement the moon-beams reached, from which side the wind usually blew, &c.

Beside the gutter stood three persons, who intended to introduce themselves to the lamp, because they imagined that the place

they sought was in the lamp's own gift. One was a herring's head, that could shine in the dark, and fancied it would be a great saving of oil if it were placed upon the lamp-post. Number 2 was a bit of rotten wood that shone also: it was, so it fancied, descended from an ancient stock, once the ornament of the forest. The third personage was a glow-worm: whence this last came the lamp could not comprehend; there it was, however, and it could shine too. But the rotten wood and the herring's head swore by all that was holy, that it only gave light at certain times, and for that reason would not by any means be taken into account.

The old lamp declared that none of them gave sufficient light to fill the post of street lamp; but this not one of them would believe. When they therefore heard that it was not the lamp itself that had the disposal of the office, they all thought this was a very

good thing, for the lamp was in much too decayed a state to be able to make a choice.

At the same moment the wind came blowing round the corner of the street, and went right through the air-holes of the old lamp.

"What do I hear?" asked the wind; "you are going away to-morrow! Do I meet you here for the last time? Then I must give you something as a parting gift. I will so blow into your upper story, that in future you will not only be able to call to mind all that has happened and all you have heard, but within you shall become so clear, that you will see everything which is read or spoken of in your presence."

"Oh, that is much indeed, very much," said the old lamp; "I thank you heartily. If only, I am not melted up."

"That is not so very likely," said the wind. "I will now blow memory into you; and if you get a few more such presents, you

may then spend your old days pleasantly enough."

"If only I am not melted up," said the lamp; "or, even in this case, should I still retain my memory?"

"Old lamp, be reasonable," said the wind, and began to blow.

At that moment the moon appeared from among the clouds.

"What do you intend to give the lamp?" asked the wind.

"I shall give nothing," answered the moon. "I am on the wane, and the lamps have never given me any light, while I, on the contrary, have often enough given light to the lamps;" and with these words the moon hid herself again behind the clouds, in order not to be exposed to any further demands.

A drop of water now fell on the lamp, as though from the roof of a house; but the drop explained that it came from the grey

clouds, and was also a gift, perchance, even the very best of all.

"I penetrate your whole frame, so that you are rendered capable, in one night if you wish it, of becoming rust, and of crumbling away like powder."

This, however, seemed to the lamp but a bad present, and the wind was of the same opinion.

"Will no one give anything more? will no one give anything more?" blew the wind as loud as it was able.

Hereupon a falling star was seen, forming a long bright streak of light.

"What was that?" cried the herring's head. "Did I not see a star fall? I verily do believe it was into the lamp that it went. If such high persons canvass for this office, then truly we may as well give up the matter and go about our business."

And that was what all three did. The

old lamp emitted a wondrously bright light. It said, "That was a glorious present! The clear stars that have always afforded me the greatest pleasure, and which shine so resplendently as I have never been able to do, although all my thoughts and all my efforts were directed to that end,—the bright stars have yet observed me, poor old lamp that I am, and have sent me a present consisting in the capability of making all that I myself remember, and that I see before me as distinctly as though it were present, visible also to all those whom I love: and in this lies truly real pleasure; for joy that one is unable to share with others, is, after all, but half enjoyment."

"That sentiment does you honour," said the wind; "but for that wax-lights are necessary: if they are not lighted in you, all your fine abilities will avail others but little. You see the stars have not thought of that,

they take you and every other sort of illumination for wax-lights. But now I will lay myself to rest;" and accordingly the wind soon after was at rest.

"Wax-lights, faith!" said the lamp. "I have never had any hitherto, nor is it very probable I ever shall. If only I am not melted up."

The next day—yes, it is better that we pass over the next day. The next evening the lamp was reposing in a grandfather's arm-chair. And guess where? In the old watchman's house! He had begged as a favour of the burgomaster and the town-council, that, in consideration of his long and faithful service, he might be allowed to keep the old lamp, which, on the first day of his entering office, he had put up and lighted himself; he looked upon it as his child, for he had no other: and so the lamp was accorded him.

It now lay there in the large grandfather's chair beside the warm fire; it felt quite as if it had grown bigger, because it filled the whole chair alone.

The old people sat at their supper and cast friendly looks towards the lamp, to which they would willingly have given a place at table.

'Tis true they dwelt in a cellar full two yards deep in the ground, and to reach the room you were obliged to go through a stone passage; but when once inside it was right warm and comfortable; there was list nailed round the door to keep the wind out, all was neat and clean, and there were curtains to the bedstead and over the little window. In the window stood two curious-looking flower-pots, which Christian, the sailor, had brought with him from the East or West Indies. They were only of clay, and represented two elephants; the backs were want-

ing, instead of which there grew out of the mould with which they were filled, in the one the finest cives—that was the kitchen-garden—and in the other a large geranium—that was the flower-garden. Against the wall hung a large coloured print of THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA: there they had at one view all the emperors and kings. A clock with heavy leaden weights went "Tick, tack," and was, to tell the truth, always too fast; but the old people thought this was better than to be too slow. They ate their evening meal, and the lamp lay, as already observed, in the great arm-chair close beside the fire. It seemed to the lamp as if the whole world were turned topsy-turvy; but when the old watchman gazed upon it, and talked about what they both had experienced together in rain and fog, in the short bright summer nights, as well as in the long nights of winter, in pelting snow-storms, when one longed after the

passage that led to the snug underground dwelling—then the old lamp was all right again; it saw everything as plainly as though it had just happened, for, thanks to the wind, all was as clear again as heretofore.

The old people were very busy and active; not a single hour was passed in idleness. On Sunday afternoon some book or other was brought out—voyages or travels was what they liked best—and the old man read aloud about Africa, and the vast forests, and about the elephants that run wild there; and the old woman listened full of attention, and cast a stolen glance at the earthen elephants that served as flower-pots.

"I can almost fancy it to myself," said she; and the lamp wished so ardently that a wax-light had been there and lighted within it, for then the old woman would have been able to see all, even to the very minutest detail, just as the lamp beheld it: the high

trees, the thickly interwoven branches, the naked black men on horseback, and whole herds of elephants that trampled down the reeds and bushes with their broad clumsy feet.

"What avail all my abilities, if I can find no wax-light," sighed the lamp. "They have only got oil and tallow candles, and that is not sufficient."

One day a whole heap of wax candle ends arrived in the cellar. The larger bits were burned, the smaller ones were used by the old woman to wax her thread with. Thus there were wax-lights enough there; but no one ever thought of sticking a light up in the lamp.

"Here I am, then, with my rare abilities," said the lamp. "I hear all within me and am not able to cause others to participate in it; they do not know that I am capable of turning the whitewashed walls into the most cost-

ly tapestry, into the most beautiful groves, into all that they possibly can wish for."

For the rest the lamp was kept in good order, and stood, nicely cleaned, in a corner, where it struck everybody. Strangers thought it was a great piece of lumber; but the old couple did not mind that, they were fond of the lamp and liked to have it there.

One day—it was the old watchman's birthday—the good woman approached the lamp, and said, as she laughed to herself, "I'll have an illumination to-day in honour of my old man!" and the lamp creaked with its tin hinges, for it thought, "Well! things do begin to look brighter at last!" But it did not get beyond its oil, and no wax-light made its appearance. The lamp burned the whole evening long, and it now saw quite clearly that the gift of the stars would remain a useless treasure for this life; when suddenly it had a dream, and with

such abilities, to dream is no such very great art. It seemed as though the old people were dead, and the lamp itself had come to the foundry to be melted up. At this it felt just as uncomfortable as when it was obliged to go to the town-hall to be examined by the burgomaster and the town-council; but, although it was possessed of the power to crumble away at will in rust and powder, it, however, did not do so. It was flung into the smelting furnace, and turned into an iron candlestick for putting wax-lights in, as handsome as any one could well wish. It had now the form of an angel carrying a large bunch of flowers; and in the middle of the flowers the wax-light was to be placed. The candlestick had a place assigned it on a green writing-table. The room was so snug; all round were books, and the walls were hung with beautiful pictures: it was a poet's room. Everything

that he thought or wrote shewed itself around. Nature changed into thick gloomy forests, into pleasant meadows where the storks strutted about, into the deck of a ship upon the surgy ocean, into the clear sky, with all its innumerable stars.

"What abilities I possess!" said the lamp, awaking. "I could almost wish to be melted up. Yet no! that may not be so long as the old couple are alive. They love me for my own individual sake—they have kept me neat, and supplied me with oil. After all, I am as well off as the whole congress, which they, too, take so much pleasure in looking at."

And since then the lamp enjoyed more inward tranquillity, and it deserved it too, the honest old street lamp!

THE LITTLE MATCH-GIRL.

It was terribly cold; it snowed, and was nearly quite dark, and evening—the last evening of the year. In this cold and darkness there went along the street a poor little girl, bare-headed, and with naked feet. When she left home she had slippers on, it is true; but what was the good of that? They were very large slippers, which her mother had hitherto worn; so large were they; and the poor little thing lost them as she scuffled away across the street, because of two carriages that rolled by dreadfully fast. One slipper was nowhere to be found; the other had been laid hold of by an urchin,

and off he ran with it; he thought it would do capitally for a cradle when he some day or other should have children himself. So the little maiden walked on with her tiny naked feet, that were quite red and blue from cold. She carried a quantity of matches in an old apron, and she held a bundle of them in her hand. Nobody had bought anything of her the whole livelong day; no one had given her a single farthing.

She crept along trembling with cold and hunger—a very picture of sorrow, the poor little thing!

The flakes of snow covered her long fair hair, which fell in beautiful curls around her neck; but of that, of course, she never once now thought. From all the windows the candles were gleaming, and it smelt so deliciously of roast goose, for you know it was new year's eve; yes, of that she thought.

In a corner formed by two houses, of

which one advanced more than the other, she seated herself down and cowered together. Her little feet she had drawn close up to her, but she grew colder and colder, and to go home she did not venture, for she had not sold any matches and could not bring a farthing of money: from her father she would certainly get blows, and at home it was cold too, for above her she had only the roof, through which the wind whistled, even though the largest cracks were stopped up with straw and rags.

Her little hands were almost numbed with cold. Oh! a match might afford her a world of comfort, if she only dared take a single one out of the bundle, draw it against the wall, and warm her fingers by it. She drew one out. "Rischt!" how it blazed, how it burnt! It was a warm, bright flame like a candle, as she held her hands over it: it was a wonderful light. It seemed really to

the little maiden as though she were sitting before a large iron stove with burnished brass feet and a brass ornament at top. The fire burned with such blessed influence; it warmed so delightfully. The little girl had already stretched out her feet to warm them too; but—the small flame went out, the stove vanished: she had only the remains of the burnt-out match in her hand.

She rubbed another against the wall: it burned brightly, and where the light fell on the wall, there the wall became transparent like a veil, so that she could see into the room. On the table was spread a snow-white table-cloth; upon it was a splendid porcelain service, and the roast goose was steaming famously with its stuffing of apple and dried plums. And what was still more capital to behold was, the goose hopped down from the dish, reeled about on the floor with knife and fork in its breast, till

it came up to the poor little girl; when—the match went out and nothing but the thick, cold, damp wall was left behind. She lighted another match. Now there she was sitting under the most magnificent Christmas trees: it was still larger and more decorated than that one which she had seen through the glass-door in the rich merchant's house.

Thousands of lights were burning on the green branches, and gaily-coloured pictures, such as she had seen in the shop-windows, looked down upon her. The little maiden stretched out her hands towards them when —the match went out. The lights of the Christmas tree rose higher and higher, she saw them now as stars in heaven; one fell down and formed a long trail of fire.

"Some one is just dead!" said the little girl; for her old grandmother, the only person who had loved her, and who was now

no more, had told her, that when a star falls, a soul ascends to God.

She drew another match against the wall: it was again light, and in the lustre there stood the old grandmother, so bright and radiant, so mild, and with such an expression of love.

"Grandmother!" cried the little one; "oh, take me with you! You go away when the match burns out; you vanish like the warm stove, like the delicious roast goose, and like the magnificent Christmas tree!" And she rubbed the whole bundle of matches quickly against the wall, for she wanted to be quite sure of keeping her grandmother near her. And the matches gave such a brilliant light that it was brighter than at noon-day: never formerly had the grandmother been so beautiful and so tall. She took the little maiden on her arm, and both flew in bright*ness* and in joy so high, so very high, and

then above was neither cold, nor hunger, nor anxiety—they were with God.

But in the corner, at the cold hour of dawn, sat the poor girl, with rosy cheeks and with a smiling mouth, leaning against the wall—frozen to death on the last evening of the old year. Stiff and stark sat the child there with her matches, of which one bundle had been burnt. "She wanted to warm herself," people said: no one had the slightest suspicion of what beautiful things she had seen; no one even dreamed of the splendour in which, with her grandmother, she had entered on the joys of a new year.

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